

## The World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.  
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, Nos. 55 to 57  
RALPH PULITZER, President, 55 Park Row.  
J. ANGELO BRAW, Treasurer, 55 Park Row.  
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 55 Park Row.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter  
Subscription Rates: The Evening World for England and the Continent and  
World for the United States. All Countries in the International  
and Canada. Postal Union.  
One Year.....\$5.00 One Year.....\$5.00  
One Month......50 One Month......50  
VOLUME 53.....NO. 18,804

## A CITY MARKET DEPARTMENT.

**P**RESIDENT MILLER of the Bronx, in a letter to The Evening World, recommends the establishment of a "market department" whose duty it should be to issue daily statements of the quantity, quality and prices of foodstuffs in the markets. He argues the department would be of benefit not only to consumers but to retailers and producers as well.

The suggestion is one of the best put forth in the long discussion of ways and means to prevent the waste of foodstuffs. Tons of good food are either thrown away or allowed to spoil in New York or the suburban towns almost every day in the year. As President Miller has pointed out, this waste is due mainly to the fact that the consumer does not know where the cheap food can be had. The waste is due, then, mainly to ignorance.

Just how the proposed municipal department of markets would make known the quantity, quality and prices of foodstuffs from day to day is a matter of administrative detail that could doubtless be worked out with economy and efficiency. Certainly no other plan suggested to meet the issue appears superior to this either in theory or in feasibility.

## PUTTING TURKEY IN CHURCH MUSIC.

**D**ECEMBER respect for music, as well as for the dignity of church service, commands approval of the organist in a church at Pittsburgh who resigned his position rather than obey an order to play such hymns as "Rock of Ages," "Lead, Kindly Light," the Sanctus and "An Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" in dance time. Change the tempo and you change the meaning and spirit of the whole. Many a noble air has lost all grace through that process. What was once the lofty battle hymn of the Crusaders has by just that degradation sunk to the tripping ditty "We Won't Go Home Till Morning."

The demand for such abasement of sacred music is not new. It was noted in the time of Queen Anne, and Pope satirized a service where

"Light quips of music, broken and uneven,  
Make the soul to dance upon a jig to heaven."

Let Pittsburgh consider. Better homely "Mary Ann" with true song than such Queen Anne as puts the tempo of the "Rock of Ages" to match the turkey trot.

## TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER GARBAGE.

**A**SPRINGTIME gladness will brighten the welcome given to the Mayor's order concerning the duties of landlords, tenants and householders toward the problem of cleaning the city. As a change from making a sweep of cabarets and turkey dance halls and tango parlors and cafes and cider stubes and midnight suppers, the cleaning of alleyways and backyards will be as pleasant as memories of days on the farm.

A new order comes to the order. It is not a scent of fresh born violets, but neither is it that of old corruptions exposed for the landrover time.

Those to whom the order runs are to gather the rubbish and the trash and the broken mass of waste material and hold it ready for delivery when the cleaning force calls. Woe to any that deposits the stuff prematurely on the street. Woe to any, including the passerby, that throws litter on roadway or sidewalk. Some in secret may say late or breakfast early; some may shamelessly dance at tea time; but we are to have a clean city in the simple sense of the word—a triumph of mind over garbage.

## A CHECK ON LAW TINKERING.

**R**ARELY has a bill come from the Legislature more strongly recommended than the O'Brien-Lewis bill designed to give cities of the State home rule. The commendation is emphasized by the declared disapproval of Mayor Gaynor, which, indeed, may be blamed with pointing the way.

The nature of the Mayor's objection, however, is odd. He says: "As soon as something happens there are some people who think that what is needed is a new law. There are some people whose fingers itch to be at this law tinkering business all the time."

The statement is true, but the application is a fallacy. The home rule measure will not increase law tinkering, but diminish it. Some legislative authorities estimate that the passage of this one act will make it unnecessary to approve at least one hundred and fifty special bills likely to go through the Legislature during the month.

That in itself is good guarantee of the worth of the measure. No matter how bad it may be, it cannot be as bad as the host it has shut off. And if new tinkers arise we can deal with them at home.

## Letters From the People

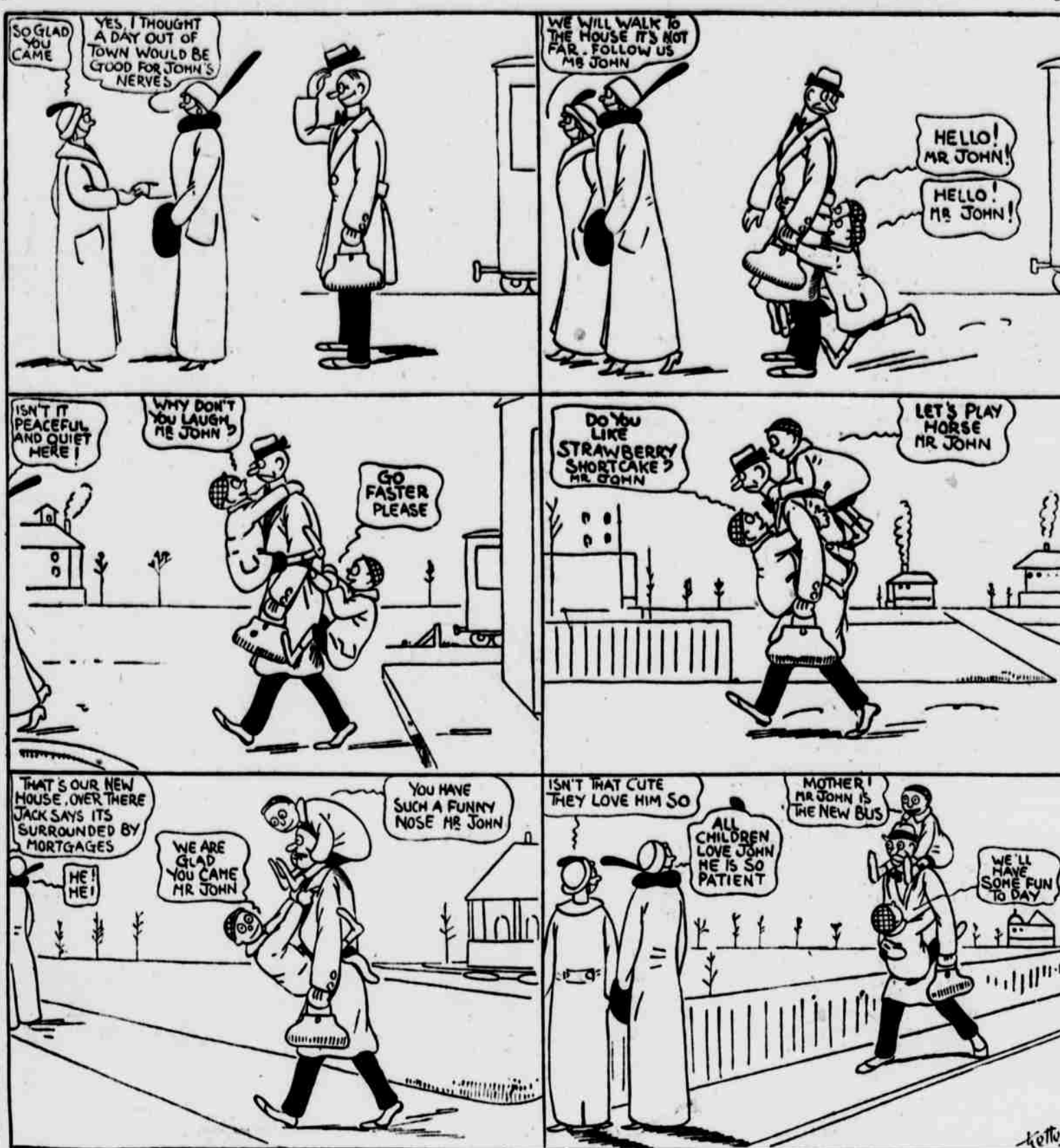
**"Government of the People,"** etc.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A few days ago, replying to a correspondent asking the authorship of the phrase "Government of the People," you said it was generally attributed to Mr. Lincoln. Quite right; it is. But Mr. Lincoln not only is not the author but he never claimed to be. It was employed by him as a fitting conclusion to an address which the judgment of both hemispheres has declared to be a model of classic oratory. Substantially the same phrase was used by Webster in his reply to Hayne; but it was not original with Webster. In the preface to the Wickliffe Bible, A. D. 1384, is this sentence: "This Bible is for the government of the people, by the people, and for the people." In an address before the New England Anti-Slavery Convention in Boston, May 2, 1840, Theodore

Parker defined Democracy as "a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people." The same phrase was used by Judge Joel Parker in the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention in 1820. On page 31 of a work entitled "Geschichte der Schweizerischen Regeneration von 1830 bis 1848," von P. Federer appears an account of a meeting in Olten, Switzerland, in May, 1830, on which occasion an orator named Schuler used this language: "All the cantons of Switzerland must acknowledge that they are simply from all the people, by all the people, and for all the people." It is one of these sayings, like "Consistency, thou art a jewel," which is known to all educated men and employed by them when occasion requires. No friend of Mr. Lincoln will claim it to be the coinage of his fertile brain, nor will any one censure him for using it in his Gettysburg speech.  
W. C. BARNES.

## The Day of Rest

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family



Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

**T**HIS lovely weather, it's a shame to be indoors," said Mr. Jarr. "Sure," said Gus. "It is weather like this that always makes me wish I had a summer garden. Only I am glad I ain't got it, because it means a lot of extra waiters. And there ain't no profit in it because in a summer garden beer is what your customers call for, and a whole party will come in a summer garden and stay all night and listen to a band of onion musicians."

"For I got a brother Meyer in the Bronx who plays the piccolo, and if I had a beer garden and didn't hire him he'd want me to take up a note he is on for me mit my brewer, and if I did have my brother Meyer playing the piccolo I'd have to have his whole orchestra as onion vases, so that's why I don't want to have a summer garden, although I would like to have it."

"It could be a winter garden, too," suggested Mr. Slavinsky, the glazier. "For you could root it in mit glass mit glass sides like the pavilions at Schweinhund Grove is. Then it would be fine."

"How am I going to make a winter garden pay when already I have told

you I can't make a summer garden pay?" asked Gus.

"You could put in a turkey trot," suggested Mr. Slavinsky. "My boy Shidney he is quit acting like he was making pictures and he is an instructor to teach them poultry dances. And, my! He makes more money now than he never did!"

"Me, I should start a cabaret and get closed up at 1 o'clock!" said Gus sneeringly. "What talk you make, Slavinsky!"

"Well," remarked Gus resignedly, "I

am impopular enough around here, running a retail liquor store. And I get blamed every time any of you come in my place mit a bun and I put you out. Then everybody says I shouldn't get a license, and I lose your trade because I put you out, and anyway when you have money to spend you don't come in my place to spend it, and I wouldn't let you do it if you wanted to. So what's the use?"

"By Golly! Everybody has their troubles!" said Mr. Slavinsky, sympathetically. "Look at my boy Shidney. When he was a loafer his mommer and me would worry all the time because he wasn't a responsible young fellow like little Izzy is going to be."

"And now that he is a responsible young fellow mit a diamond pin so fine as a Rothschild could have, his mommer and me we worry because we are afraid maybe he will get to be a loafer again. But he says he is doing so fine he is going to have a dancing hall and have morning pictures and turkey trots."

"Hush about them turkey trots!" said Gus cautiously. "Here is Mrs. Larsen, the janitor's wife up the street. If she hears such a word she'll tell it all around we are going to have a cabaret in my place and then there will be talk and you fellows can't come in any more. So shooosh!"

Everybody shoooshed, but Gus was alone in returning from the little ante room by the "Family Entrance."

"I think those turkey trots should be argued," said Mr. Slavinsky. "That is, I think so, but I am glad I don't wish it true. Because my Shidney buys his mommer everything she wants and pays his board and says he will put little Izzy through college."

"Yes, there is no doubt those ragtime dances are demoralizing," said Mr. Jarr in his best moral tone.

Mr. Rangle had just entered at that moment.

"If I had a wife or daughter that turkey trotted," he began. "Well—"

And Mr. Rangle sank his voice to significant silence.

"No," said Mr. Jarr. "It is just as well that we have one place where the iniquitous dances shall not prevail. In Harlem, a place of home life the true sense of the word."

"Way," said Gus, interrupting him. "You know what Mrs. Larsen just told me? Well, she said your wife and YOUR wife," and he pointed to Jarr and Rangle. "Is over at Mrs. Striver's turkey trotting mit a phonograph."

The two reformers looked crestfallen. But just then the chandler began to shake.

"What's that, Rumer?" asked Gus.

"Mr. Slavinsky and Mrs. Begler is upstairs turkey trotting with your wife mit your phonograph," replied the chandler.

"Listen!" said Mr. Jarr.

And as the strains of "Silvery Bells" were borne to them the men began to capy trot.

## Mr. Jarr Starts a Fine Young Crusade Against Cabaretism.

"But you close sharp at 1 A. M. now," said Mr. Jarr. "What are you talking about?"

"Ha!" replied Gus, bringing his flat down on the bar. "I close now at 1 o'clock because I ain't making money to keep open after hours. But if I was making money then I would keep open after hours, then I'd get in trouble and lose more money than I could make."

"I see your point," said Mr. Jarr gravely. "But it's wonderful the ease there is for the tango and all those new dances."

"Well," remarked Gus resignedly, "I

am impopular enough around here, running a retail liquor store. And I get blamed every time any of you come in my place mit a bun and I put you out. Then everybody says I shouldn't get a license, and I lose your trade because I put you out, and anyway when you have money to spend you don't come in my place to spend it, and I wouldn't let you do it if you wanted to. So what's the use?"

"By Golly! Everybody has their troubles!" said Mr. Slavinsky, sympathetically. "Look at my boy Shidney. When he was a loafer his mommer and me would worry all the time because he wasn't a responsible young fellow like little Izzy is going to be."

"And now that he is a responsible young fellow mit a diamond pin so fine as a Rothschild could have, his mommer and me we worry because we are afraid maybe he will get to be a loafer again. But he says he is doing so fine he is going to have a dancing hall and have morning pictures and turkey trots."

"Hush about them turkey trots!" said Gus cautiously. "Here is Mrs. Larsen, the janitor's wife up the street. If she hears such a word she'll tell it all around we are going to have a cabaret in my place and then there will be talk and you fellows can't come in any more. So shooosh!"

Everybody shoooshed, but Gus was alone in returning from the little ante room by the "Family Entrance."

"I think those turkey trots should be argued," said Mr. Slavinsky. "That is, I think so, but I am glad I don't wish it true. Because my Shidney buys his mommer everything she wants and pays his board and says he will put little Izzy through college."

"Yes, there is no doubt those ragtime dances are demoralizing," said Mr. Jarr in his best moral tone.

Mr. Rangle had just entered at that moment.

"If I had a wife or daughter that turkey trotted," he began. "Well—"

And Mr. Rangle sank his voice to significant silence.

"No," said Mr. Jarr. "It is just as well that we have one place where the iniquitous dances shall not prevail. In Harlem, a place of home life the true sense of the word."

"Way," said Gus, interrupting him. "You know what Mrs. Larsen just told me? Well, she said your wife and YOUR wife," and he pointed to Jarr and Rangle. "Is over at Mrs. Striver's turkey trotting mit a phonograph."

The two reformers looked crestfallen. But just then the chandler began to shake.

"What's that, Rumer?" asked Gus.

"Mr. Slavinsky and Mrs. Begler is upstairs turkey trotting with your wife mit your phonograph," replied the chandler.

"Listen!" said Mr. Jarr.

And as the strains of "Silvery Bells" were borne to them the men began to capy trot.

## Clothes and the Man

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

**T**HE manliest man that you saw going in a ragged coat—did you ever reverence him? Did you so much as know that he was a manly man at all until his coat grew better?"

This, from Thomas Carlyle, suggests the theory of Clothes and the Man since the world began. The same writer goes on to say:

"Clothes give us individuality, distinctions, social

polity, clothes have made men of us."

Yet on the other hand:

"Happy he who can look through the clothes of a man into the man himself."

While we all reverence the ideal copy-book theory that clothes do NOT make the man (and the theory may be right and practical), yet in the everyday course of things we must recognize a few facts: We are living in an age of impressionists. And FIRST impressions have much to do in securing the CHANCE to prove the manhood BEHIND the clothes.

The average individual hasn't time at first to investigate the REAL man behind the ragged coat. The truth is that too often he is passed by, no matter how worthy he may be.

Why? Because ragged clothes suggest sadness, carelessness and slovenliness. But even if the rag be covered only with a neat patch and it looks its best, you create the sense of cheer.

A short time ago I was in Naples. And on the water-front there are many beggars. One little group was made up of singers and dancers, neatly dressed. Quite close to them was another little group which consisted of a blind man in tattered clothes, a young girl and boy.

While it is not necessary to expand all in this direction, there is no mortal so lowly he cannot, with that which he has at his disposal, no matter how humble, make the BEST of it. It is making the best of things that averages up in the long run—and in the short run as well.

Wearings appear, no matter how old, may be made neat in appearance if the man himself has that attribute.

The young woman who comes to business with straggly hair and put-on-old-way clothes rarely gets further than the employment office, while her sister of the plain, neat appearance is looked upon with favor in the realm of employment.

It is so the world over. At least until further knowledge develops, appearances are the FIRST criterion. Besides, the feeling that you look well makes you act well, and vice versa.

CLOTHES MAY NOT MAKE THE MAN, BUT THEY MAKE AN IMPRESSION.

## The Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

No. 9.—TARTARIN OF TARASCON. By Alphonse Daudet.

**T**ARTARIN was the hero of the town of Tarascon in Southern France. There was nothing he could not do—had not done—would not do. He was the greatest hunter on earth, the most fearless man that ever lived, the paladin who had held Shanghai against an army of Tartars, had fought pirates, had shot big game all over the world, had conquered the most terrible wild beasts.

As a matter of hard, cold fact, Tartarin had never shot a living thing, had never been five miles away from his birthplace, had never had a single adventure of any sort in all his forty-five years. Yet he had boasted so much and so long that he had grown to believe his own boasts. And the townsfolk, who had known his whole career from childhood, also believed.

He was not a liar. But in Southern France the sun is so strong it magnifies everything, especially people's imaginations. It even magnified a fat little red-bearded stay-at-home into a man of incredible exploits. So Tartarin kept on boasting—and his faithful admirers kept on believing, though both knew better.

The coming of a menagerie to Tarascon started a rumor that Tartarin was about to go to Africa to hunt the Atlas Mountain lion. A fat figure rose, roaring just in front of him. Tartarin fired. A prowling donkey fell to earth mortally hurt. And the fearless African hunter had the pleasure of paying the beast's owner a fancy price for the night's sport.

Next, hearing there were no longer any lions left in Algeria, he bought a camel and started southward on a hunting expedition. With him went a most gracious and interesting travelling companion, who had introduced himself as Prince Gregory of Montenegro. Camel-riding made poor fat Tartarin horribly seasick. So he was forced to walk the whole distance and lead the camel.

At the first opportunity the "Prince" stole all of Tartarin's money, he could lay hands on and decamped. Tartarin, despairing of finding any big game, was about to turn back in search of his stolen funds, when one day he beheld an enormous lion coming straight toward him. He fired two explosive bullets into the brute, blowing it almost to atoms.

Then, too late, he learned that his victim was a tame "trick" lion, blind, old and mangy.

The slain beast's owners had the hunter arrested. Tartarin had no money left, so he had to sell all his wonderful equipment of weapons and his camping outfit to satisfy their claims. He tried to sell the camel, too. But no one wanted it. So, sending the lion's tattered skin back to Tarascon as a trophy, Tartarin started on foot to the seacoast, the camel ambling along at his side.

He scraped together enough money for his passage to France. As he boarded the ship the faithful camel (which Tartarin had come to loathe) jumped into the sea after him and was hoisted on deck. At Marseilles Tartarin boarded a train for Tarascon. To his disgust he found the horrible camel was peacefully trotting along the track in pursuit of the slow little train.

By this time the fact had dawned upon Tartarin that he had made a most prodigious fool of himself. He was certain the story of his misadventures had preceded him, and that he would be the laughing stock of all his native town. Also that the camel would add to the mirth. But, on leaving the train, he was amazed past all measure to find the Tarascon station full of cheering townsfolk, who had turned out to greet his return. That one lion skin sent home by him had done the business and had stamped him forever, in the eyes of the Tarasconese, as a fearless player of wild beasts.

At sight of the camel a second enthusiastic cheer went up. Tartarin, bowing modestly in recognition of the plaudits, waved his hand in triumph toward the creature and announced:

"That is my camel. A noble beast! He saw the kill all those lions!"

The Lion Hunt.

The Hero's Return.

The Hedgeville Editor.

By John L. Hobbie.

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

**H**ENRY PLANK says that he doesn't make enough money to live as a man should on his income.

**D**EACON QUARTS says that he couldn't go to church with a man on Sunday and then beat him in a trade on Monday. He would have to wait until Tuesday at least.

**R**EV. FROST says that Heaven or the other extremity is a state of mind, and some of his congregation are living in both places.

**O**LD FOKK says that when his wife is wrong he just lets her keep changing her mind until she is right, and then he agrees with her.

**E**VELYN man should mistreat his wife occasionally so she can have the satisfaction of feeling that she is being abused.

**M**RS. PLANK says that all kinds of sickness must be contagious, because whenever her husband is feeling bad every one in the house suffers.

The May Manton Fashions.

THERE are so many beautiful bordered fabrics offered this season that the drapery made with a straight edge is an important one. The skirt is made in two pieces with the draped edge in the back. It is most attractive and exceedingly smart, while it is so simple that it means very little labor for the maker. Almost any pretty bordered material can be used as illustrated, but the design need not be confined to such. For plain material, a simple straight skirt can be made. The model is just as well adapted to the summer silks as it is to cotton material. Foulard and crepe de chine are especially attractive made in this way, or, if liked, the draped edge could be of one color or material and the skirt of another.

For the medium size the skirt will require 2 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, or 4 inches wide, with 13 yards of flouncing 2 inches wide for the drapery. 1/2 yards of ribbon 4 inches wide and 2 yards of banding, or 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, 4 1/2 yards 4 inches wide, 4 inches wide for the same. The width at the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards.

Pattern No. 7841 is cut in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

Pattern No. 7841—Two-Piece Skirt With Over Drapery, 22 to 30 Waist.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.